laurel leaves. Thence, with the Empress at his side, he proceeded in state to the place prepared for them in the lofty nave, facing the high altar. Joseph, Louis, Cambac6res, and Lebrun were his pages, and supported the train of his mantle, heavy with gold and embroidery. The yet empty throne had been erected in the heart of the choir. From twenty thousand throats burst the cry, "Long live the Emperor!" as the slow and stately march proceeded. There was one and only one incident, but how significant, in this short progress, when Napoleon with head half turned whispered to Joseph: "If our father could see us now," At last the entrance of the choir was reached, and the Pope, descending from his chair, began to intone, amid the deep silence of the throng, the majestic chant of "Veni, Creator."

This ended, the personages of the court found their appointed seats, the regalia were laid on the altar, and Pius, holding out a copy of the Scriptures, demanded in the Latin tongue whether the Emperor would use all his powers to have law, justice, and peace reign supreme in the Church and among his people. The Emperor laid both his hands on the book, and "Profiteer" came the solemn answer. Pope, cardinals, archbishops, and bishops began the litany, and the sovereigns kneeled. As the closing strains sounded forth, the imperial pair advanced under priestly conduct to the steps of the high altar, and kneeled again. The Pope, pronouncing the customary but long-disused prayer, then solemnly anointed both in turn with the triple unction on head and hands. Returning to their chairs, the two chief actors seated themselves, and high mass began. Midway in its solemn course there was a pause; the Emperor stepped forward to the altar as if to be invested at the papal hands with all the insignia of power — ring, mantle, and crown. The last of the consecrated baubles